

Dandy Jim of Caroline

Dandy Jim of Caroline

AFS 1610 B1

I've often heard it said of late, South Carolina was a state, Where handsome nigga's bound to shine, Like Dandy Jim of Caroline.

For my old master told me so, I'm the best looking nigga in the county, oh, I looked in the glass, and I find it so, Just as old master told me, oh.

I dressed myself from top to toe, And down to Dinah I did go, With pantaloons strapped down behind, Like Dandy Jim of Caroline.

The bulldog cleared me out the yard, I thought I'd better leave my card, I tied it fast to a piece of twine, Signed Dandy Jim of Caroline.

She got my card, and wrote me a letter, And every word she spelled it better, For every word and every line, Was Dandy Jim of Caroline.

Best looking nigga in the county, oh, Because old master told me so, Looked in the glass and I find it so, Just as old master told me oh.

Oh, beauty is just but skin deep, But with Miss Dinah none compete, She changed her name from lovely Dine, To Mrs. Dandy Jim of Caroline.

An every little nig she had, Was the very image of his dad, The heels stick out three feet behind, Like Dandy Jim of Caroline.

Library of Congress

I took them all to church one day, An had them christened without delay, The preacher christened eight or nine, Young Dandy Jims of Caroline.

And when the preacher took his text, He seemed to very much perplexed, For nothing come across his mind, But Dandy Jims of Caroline.

Best looking nigga in the county, oh, Because old master told me so, Looked in the glass and I found it so, Just as old master told me oh.